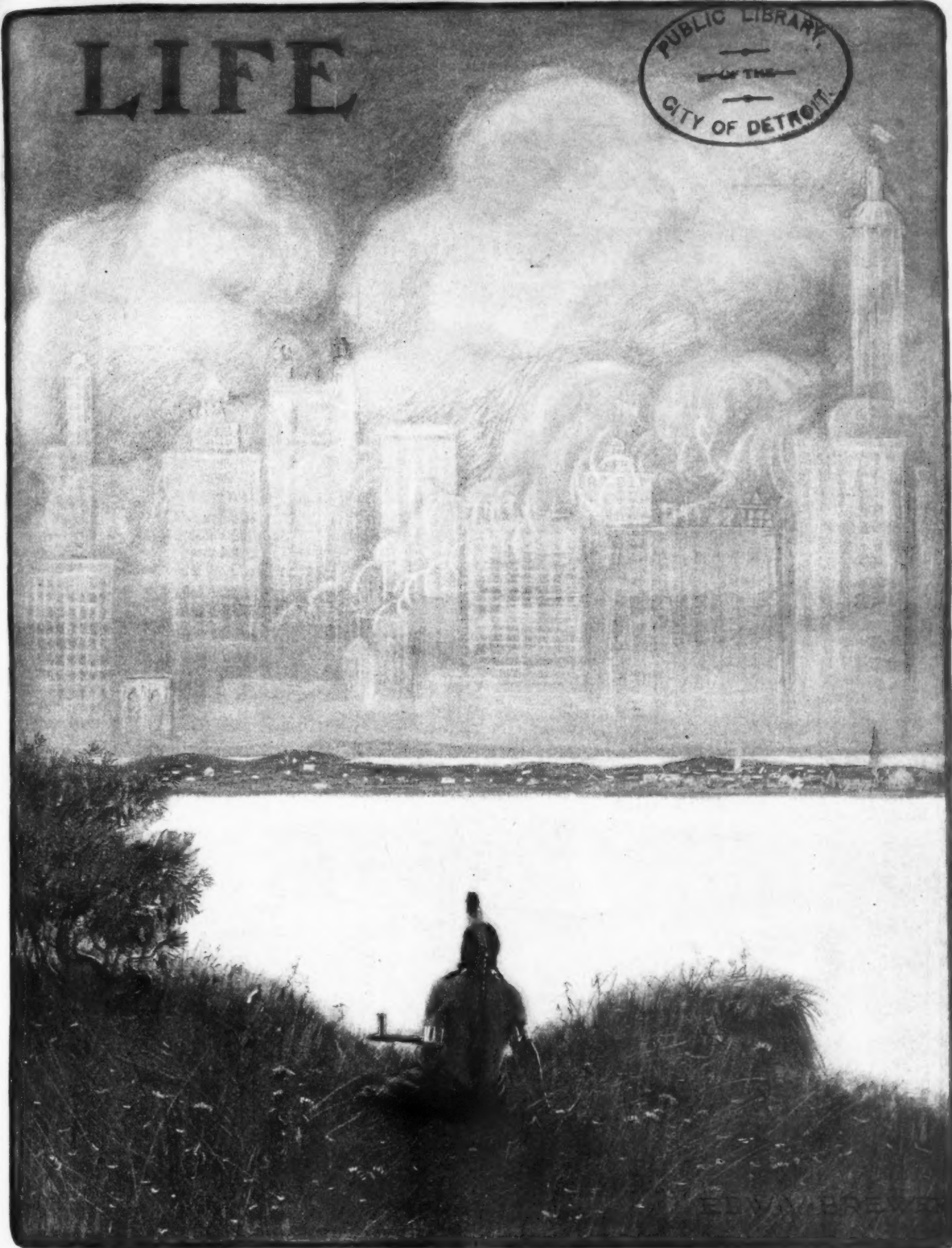
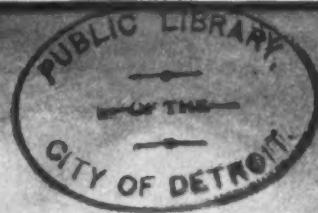


LIFE

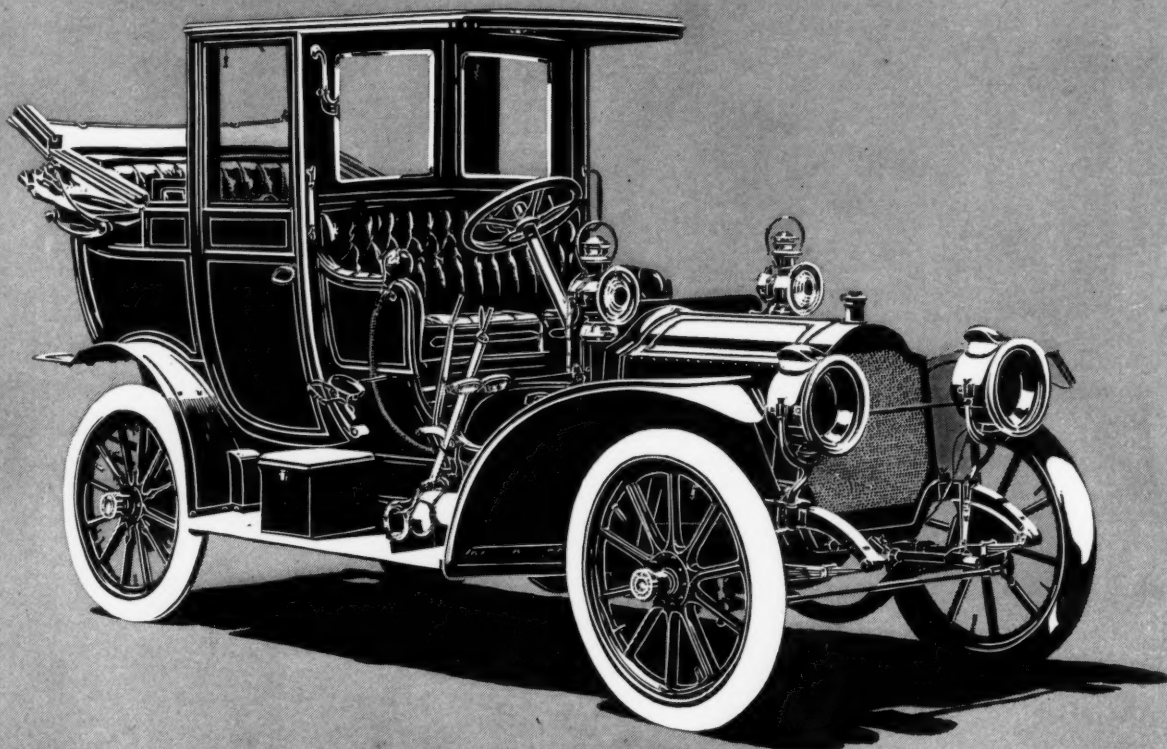


THE RED MAN'S ISLAND

Packard

"EIGHTEEN" 1909

THE TOWN CAR



As a Landaulet
Also supplied as a
limousine, runabout
and with open body



Packard Motor Car Company

Detroit, Michigan

"FAIRY TALES"

[A school trustee of Passaic, N. J., wants fairy tales excluded from the schools. He says the money might better be expended for works of history or some subject of practical value.]

Don't teach the little innocents the fibs about the fairies,

About the sprites and elves that hide behind the blooms and berries,

But give them something helpful—not the Cinderella tale;

Whoever wrote that awful thing should be clapped into jail!

Draw from the well of history, and never feel remorse;

Suppose you read them all about the famous Trojan horse.

Now, Jack who climbed the Beanstalk never had the least existence

And further moves to picture him should meet with firm resistance;

It will not do to feed such things to intellects so youthful,

Let's give them information that we are aware is truthful—

Why, long before the little tots begin to read and spell They should know all about the tale concerning William Tell.

Old Aesop's fables are far-fetched, with animals conversing—

'Tis not for them that we should be the public funds disbursing;

The children's minds should be led into good and proper channels

By means of chapters taken from our most historic annals;

We cannot hope their minds will grow until each one has read

The many speeches that they say old Julius Caesar said.

Hans Christian Andersen is bad for infantile perusing, The children ought to have the good of older people's choosing;

Though nearly every tale of his brings out a helpful moral

It is with their untruthfulness we are inclined to quarrel—

A child will face the future with a better mental grasp

If given full particulars of Cleopatra's asp.

Don't tell the children fairy tales, no odds how they receive them;

It's better far to teach them that they never should believe them;

You may feel that 'twill do no harm to let them read of Crusoe

But later on we know you'll be sorry if you do so. Let's give them facts and figures, and how happy they will be

With knowledge how Washington cut down the cherry tree!

—Chicago Evening Post.

EVIDENCE

"The evidence shows, Mrs. Mulcahey, that you threw a stone at Policeman Casey."

"It shows more than that, yer honor. It shows that Oi hit him."—Minneapolis Tribune.

SECOND BEST

YOUNG ISAACS: Fadder, ees marriage a failure?

THE ELDER ISAACS: Vell, my boy, eef you marry a real, real rich girl, marriage ees almost as good as a failure.—Success.

WOMANLY LOGIC

"Never," groaned the picture dealer, "never try to argue a woman into believing that she ought to pay a bill when she thinks otherwise. I tried it this morning—presented a bill for some stuff ordered two months ago. Here was the irrefutable logic:

"I never ordered any pictures."

"If I did you never delivered them."

"If I did, I never got them."

"If I did, I paid for them."

"If I didn't, I must have had some good reason for it."

"And if I had, of course, I won't pay."—Wasp.

FRANKLIN 1909

Bigness and bulk are not style.
They don't make comfort nor safety.

The Franklin Model H 7-passenger touring-car is a powerful, handsome, capacious automobile. You would pick it out anywhere for its symmetrical lines, its big wheels and tires and its perfection of detail; yet it weighs under 2500 pounds. Most 7-passenger automobiles are far bulkier and heavier, and cost a good deal more to own, but not one is more stylish nor as safe and reliable.

Model H costs even less to own and run than many water-cooled 5-passenger automobiles. This shows the extreme refinement and efficiency secured through Franklin air-cooling.

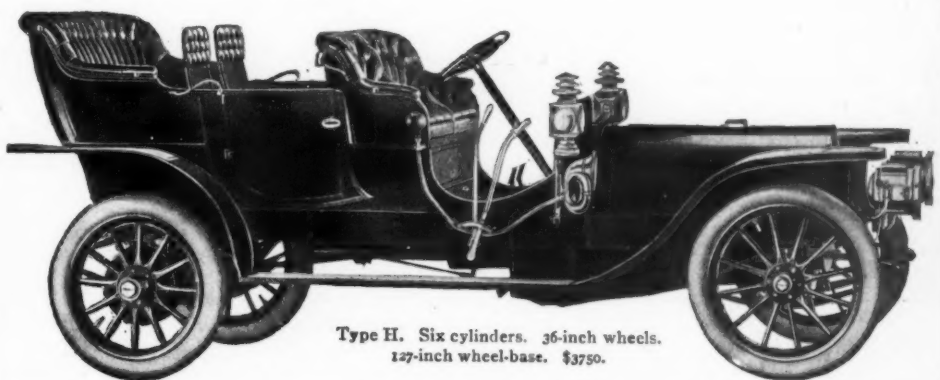
Like all Franklins, Model H has the luxurious riding quality possible only with full-elliptic springs and the non-jarring Franklin construction. No automobile can lead Model H on American roads. It is the easiest automobile to handle and the most enjoyable touring-car ever built.

All Franklin models are light and strong and durable; the ablest automobiles of their power. Easy to ride in, easy to manage, and the most economical to own and use. No heavy water-cooled automobile, with all its burdensome tire cost and operating cost, can give you such comfort and safety and enjoyment.

What else is an automobile for?

G 18 H. P. touring-car, \$1850.
G 18 H. P. runabout with hamper, \$1750. With single or double rumble, \$1800.
D 28 H. P. five-passenger touring-car, \$2800. Or runabout, with single or double rumble, \$2700.
H 42 H. P. seven-passenger touring-car, \$3750. Or runabout, with single or double rumble, \$3600.
Prices f. o. b. Syracuse. Write for the 1909 catalog.

H H FRANKLIN MFG CO., Syracuse N Y



Type H. Six cylinders. 36-inch wheels.
127-inch wheel-base. \$3750.

ESTABLISHED 1834

J. M. QUINBY & CO.

CARRIAGE BUILDERS

Luxurious Automobile Bodies made of aluminum, designed and finished to suit individual tastes. Light, durable and artistic. Standard for quality.

Isotta-Fraschini cars 1909 Models
Immediate Delivery

NEWARK, N J

LIFE'S THANKSGIVING NUMBER

Double Monthly Special dated Nov. 5th.
LIFE copy \$250.00 per page; one-half and one-quarter page pro rata.

Magazine copy 60c. per agate line.
Last forms close October 22nd.

For information pertaining to advertising address

GEORGE B. RICHARDSON,
Manager Advertising Department,
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A Quarter Here

A Fascinating New Pastime to Kill Ennui and provide an
Interesting Home Amusement

Life's Picture Puzzles

PRICE TWO DOLLARS EACH, Carriage Prepaid to any
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For the Home, For the Sick Room
For Puzzle Parties, For the Train or Steamer

LIFE'S Puzzles are carefully cut, mounted on three-ply mahogany
back veneer, and are sold in sealed boxes, which insures the pur-
chaser against missing blocks.

LIFE'S Puzzles are of superior quality and should not be con-
founded with the cheap puzzles that flood the market.

ONE DOZEN PUZZLES, all different subjects, to one
address, TWENTY DOLLARS, Carriage Prepaid

For Advanced Puzzle Workers

Life's Gibson Puzzles

These puzzles are somewhat more difficult than those of the ordinary
grade and are made from Mr. Chas. Dana Gibson's celebrated pictures.

PRICE THREE DOLLARS EACH, Carriage Prepaid,
to any address in the United States

ONE DOZEN GIBSON PUZZLES, all different subjects,
to one address, Carriage Prepaid, THIRTY DOLLARS

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Brooks Brothers, CLOTHING, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

Custom Department.
A large and varied stock,
experienced workmen and
moderate prices guarantee
your satisfaction.

BROADWAY Cor. TWENTY SECOND ST., NEW YORK



Redfern Whalebone Corsets

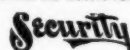
Copyright 1908, by
The Warner
Brothers
Company

The Standard of
Corset Fashion

The Foundation of a Perfect
Fitting Gown

The new fashions are known as Directoire and in this mode
are many ideas, all of which require careful corsetting.

Through their cut and mode of trimming current fashions
should convey the impression of unbroken lines. The figure
foundation required to create this new effect must not ex-
aggerate the natural curves of the waist and hips, but only
slightly define the waist and scientifically reduce the hips and
abdomen, so that the whole figure is given the appearance of
natural slimness. Redfern Models produce this effect.



Rubber Button Hose Supporters
are attached to these models

\$3.00 to \$15.00 per pair according
to materials

AT ALL HIGH-CLASS SHOPS

We have a book of instructions for properly
selecting and fitting the new corset for you
WRITE FOR BOOKLET "L"

THE WARNER BROTHERS COMPANY, New York, Chicago, Oakland



LIFE



THE AWAKENING OF BRYANHILDE
THE RHINE MAIDENS' WARNING

The Glory That Was Rome's

I WATCH them through the window of the car—

Dark men from Naples, Rome and Sicily—

And wonder sometimes what their feelings are

As wearily they turn to look at me. They who have broken ties and traveled far

To serve with pick and spade and wrench and bar,

What hopes have they? What are their dreams at night?

With hardened hands they labor through the day,

Munching their crusts at noon—old men ere they

Have known the joy that youth claims as its right!

Dark-eyed descendants of a race that dared

To rule the world! Perhaps some Cæsar's blood

Flows in the veins of him whose arms are bared

As with his sledge he deals the telling thud.

And he that gives them orders, glib of tongue,

May be from some despised barbarian sprung.

How would their proud forefathers have been bowed

In deepest shame had they foreseen the fate

That was for these who humbly bear the weight

Of servitude, forgetting to be proud!

I watch them through the window of the car,

And wonder why we boldly flaunt our pride;

We hoist our flag and send our legions far

To conquer where our right has been denied;

We tell the world how glorious we are,

We vaunt the dazzling brightness of our star,

And war among ourselves and heedlessly

Forget that pride is brief—might briefer yet—

We take the course that Rome took and forget

That they are blindest who refuse to see.

S. E. Kiser.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LII OCTOBER 8, 1908 No. 1354

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



DIED, suddenly, along about the middle of September, the Tqrpidity of the Presidential Campaign of 1908. It is more decorous in a public notice to say that it died, but we all know what really happened to it. It was ruthlessly and brutally tomahawked by

Wicked William Hearst. And at this writing the air is still full of razors, and still quivers with vibrations produced by pounding on the tom-tom with the Big Stick.

Wicked Willie just now has the whole middle of the stage and the attention of the audience for any piece he may care to speak. It is all tragically funny, and noisy out of all proportion to its importance. It would seem as if nothing that could happen to Senator Foraker could very much affect Taft's candidacy one way or the other. In reply to the letters that Hearst has printed indicating Foraker's political helpfulness in time past to his Standard Oil clients, Senator Foraker declares that his relations with the Standard Oil Company were never secret, nor ever improper so long as they continued. We hope he may convince his Ohio constituents that he says true, for there is much about him and his recent record that inspires respect.

There is a shadow of tragedy in Foraker's predicament, but Governor Haskell's case is all comedy. If he, too, turns out to have been intimately mixed up with the Standard Oil Company, all disinterested observers will laugh. For to Haskell, as Governor

of Oklahoma, builder of the Democratic platform, treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, and right-hand man to Candidate Bryan, monopolistic corporations are officially abhorrent. That they should be unofficially abhorrent is not deducible from the best known incidents in Haskell's career.

Wall Street knows Oklahoma's Governor; knows him as an uncommonly persuasive talker, who can sell goods. It seems that he sold a railroad in Wall Street some years ago, and sold it for considerably more than it was worth. Moreover, he sold it to shrewd, grown-up men, who ought to have known what they were buying. They do not complain of him; they complain of themselves for taking him seriously. There being no time before election for Governor Haskell to renovate his record, he has promptly effaced himself from the group of Mr. Bryan's official helpers, and turned over the Democratic dough-bag to Editor Hermann Ridder.

Really, the Democratic party ought to be put back into office for the express purpose of trying out its constituent folks, getting rid of its blatherskites and developing reputation and administrative capacity in its able men by putting upon them the responsibility of government. It ought to be done in the interest of party government, and with another candidate than Bryan there would have been a good chance to do it this year. But as it is, the more the need of doing it appears, the more the conservative voter shrinks from paying the price.



MR. HEARST, as said, has shot for the moment into the most conspicuous place in the political picture. The situation now is the one that gives him his very best chance for effective activity. When he runs for office himself he is at a great disadvantage because of his extreme vulnerability as a candidate. But as a general fomenter of mischief and raiser of hob he is at his best, and in the best position to make the most of

his knowledge and his machinery. It does not look as though he were likely to combine with either of the principal parties. He is credited with two intentions—to beat Bryan and to beat Chanler in New York. His grievance against Bryan is understood to be that after he had supported Bryan in several campaigns, Bryan would not help him get the Democratic nomination. His grievance against Chanler is understood to be that after Chanler had been put by Hearst influence on the Hearst ticket in New York two years ago, and had been elected Lieutenant Governor, he ungratefully abandoned Hearst and took up with the other squad of the party. So we may expect to see Hearst work his own Independent party hard in the country at large to beat the ungrateful Bryan, and in New York State to beat the ungrateful Chanler.

That is all fair enough. Folks who are willing to take what Hearst can give, but are not willing presently to reciprocate, must put up their umbrellas.



THE Hearst candidate for Governor of New York is Mr. Clarence Shearn, a clever man, who is Mr. Hearst's private counsel and his Haskell. Some of the wicked voters in New York State will doubtless vote for Mr. Shearn. The rest, of course, will vote with Conners and Murphy for Mr. Chanler. If Mr. Shearn wasn't running no doubt they would all vote for Chanler. For Governor Hughes is not strong, and can't expect to be, with the wicked voters. In that particular he is the political inferior of President Roosevelt, who has always been able to endear himself to considerable numbers of wicked voters by his love of sport, including prize-fights, his abounding enjoyment of life, and his captivating manners.

The one thing that *everybody* knows that Governor Hughes has accomplished, is the ruin of the race-tracks around New York. That is far and away his most conspicuous achievement, and chiefly upon that record he will go to the polls.

All In the Same Boat



WILLING AND ANXIOUS

Almarine Gurgle flutters around
With music tucked under her wing,
Her eyes are imploring and seem to cry
out,
"Go ahead, Bill, and ask me to sing!"



WHAT IS HE?

He takes a bit of bloater, a cup of tea and
toast,
He cannot go those feahful Yankee messes,
He calls his ma "The Mater," "His Peo-
ple" mean his folks,
He says that he "expects" when he means
"guesses!"



ENTERTAINING

It's generally rough when the concert comes
off,
We're most of us quaky and fearful,
This guy sings a song about "Fire at Sea,"
Or something else equally cheerful!

Our Civilization



A CHINESE student at
an American univer-
sity had just returned home,
and was being ques-
tioned by his father re-
garding the education
he had secured.

"What did you learn
in America?" asked
the father.

"I learned civilization,"
answered the son.

"Be specific! What do you mean by
civilization?"

"Well, father, for instance, I learned
how to make children six, seven, eight,
nine years of age work in factories."

"Wonderful! The Americans are in-
dustrious," commented the parent.

"And I learned from the capitalists

how to cause a panic and put thousands
of men out of work."

"Marvelous! The Americans are
masters of political economy," declared
the father.

"And I learned the approved way of
persecuting any new religious sect," re-
marked the child.

"By physical torture?"

"No, that is unworthy of civilization.
They use legislation and the press."

"Ah, the Americans have the true
spirit of liberality," said the father.

"And I learned how to use a live
frog for bait on a fish-hook," further
remarked the educated Chinese son.

"That illustrates the Americans' clean
sport. Admirable!" declared pater.

"And then I learned to cut up live
dogs for medical experiments. They call
it vivisection," added the son.

"Your American education has not

been in vain," commented the parent.

"My son, you have indeed learned
civilization."
Donald A. Kahn.

Our Army Officers

MRS. RUSSELL SAGE has given an
island in the Hudson for the use
of West Point. Why would it not be a
good idea to establish an institution of
investigation and research—to discover,
if possible, ways and means whereby our
army officers might receive living wages?
Going through West Point is a doubtful
business at best. After a lifetime has
been spent in waiting for promotion, the
President, at his discretion, may appoint
some rank outsider with a business edu-
cation, to take precedence over the West
Pointer, who has, for his pains and
patience, nothing left but the reflection
that he has been starved to death by
his government during his incumbency

This
Bubble

World



Schooling

A WRITER in the *World's Work* asks Why it is that Beecher was rated by the leadership experts thirty-fourth in his class, while number one became an inconsequential barber? that Darwin's teacher declared that he was dull; Swift's, that he had no promise; Sheridan's, that he was defective; Humboldt's, that he lacked ordinary intelligence; Byron's, that he belonged at the tail; Goldsmith's, that he could not learn; Emerson's, that he was hopeless.

This would seem to indicate a blow at the schools. It would seem to imply that certain great men have, in the beginning of their lives, shown, perhaps unconsciously, a contempt for scholastic methods, and have later on proved that they were right.

On the other hand, however, we have the spectacle of our Mr. Taft being one of the most distinguished scholars in his class at Yale.

How, then, can these two things be reconciled?

How could we get along without Taft at the present moment? What with the Tariff question still impending, the prospect, however faint, of a war with Japan, the embarkation of Mr. Roosevelt for Africa, and the probability that William Waldorf Astor is going to be knighted—how, then, we say, would it have been with us if Yale hadn't turned him out?



"Let There Be Light"

Five years ago the Isthmus of Panama was a byword for unhealthiness of the most deadly kind. At present the Canal Zone is one of the healthiest places on the globe.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

HOW did this happen? By the use of serums? By inoculating the natives with all sorts of unknown things? By operating upon them? By dosing them with medicines?

We guess not.

They made the Panama Canal Zone clean. They swept it up, gave it a bath,

and produced a natural, healthy environment.

This is precisely what has happened in the case of small pox, only the medical profession would have us believe that it is due to vaccination.

"New York's Gay Set"



QUOTING a news item to the effect that one of the Salome dancers would appear at a private entertainment at the country home of a New York man in Westchester County, our friend, the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, makes moral remarks about it, and says:

A mixed company will attend and see a woman go through vulgar contortions, wearing only jewelry and a veil. . . . It will be a wonderful day for New York's gay set when they sit on this host's lawn and watch the antics of a naked woman.

All right, Marse Henry, but don't speak of New York's "gay set" as though there was only one. There are nearer a hundred, varying as sets in their standards of taste and deportment, and varying still more in the individuals who compose them. For all you know, the Westchester set that was to have the wonderful day may have been lately recruited from Louisville and Cincinnati. No doubt you, who have spent most of the summer in New York, have seen the Salomes and know whether their exhibitions are improper or not, but you also know that it is not the people who live in New York that support the theatres, but those who come there.

And certainly, Marse Henry, you must also know there is no "gay set" that is representative of New York. When Upton Sinclair makes a picture of a lot of bounders and their women, and calls it "the Metropolis," nobody minds, because Upton probably knows no better. But the *Courier-Journal* ought to know how entirely misrepresentative, casual and irresponsible "gay sets" are in, or near, New York. You can start one in a few hours' time in the summer, in New York, as doubtless you can in Louisville, by telephoning around, and putting some champagne to cool in a wash tub. What it does is of very little consequence, provided it is not too noisy, and does not disturb the police.

"The New Fiction"

MR. HENRY MILLS ALDEN, in having something to say about "The New Fiction"—whatever that is—declares that it "is not an art at all, or a wholly unprecedented art." Perhaps it is a toss-up between the two, but, however this may be, Mr. Alden goes on to observe that "Browning has been the chief inspirer of the great prose writers of the last fifty years," and that to-day "the writer stands so near to life that his imagination takes the tension native to that life, along with its real feeling, shape, color and rhythm."

This leads the *Evening Post* to remark that

The new fiction takes life reverently as it is, loves it, and transfers it delicately to the page. . . . We need hardly add that its chief literary virtue is very similar to the highest philosophy merit as pragmatism suggests it—namely, the possession of a mind thoroughly "unstiffened."

All this is great news. We don't know what it means. We suspect—although we say it reverently—that the *Evening Post* and Mr. Alden are in the same boat with us.

One thing, however, shines out clear and undimmed, and that is that the new fiction will produce an "unstiffened" mind.

This we have long suspected. Indeed, after reading some of the more notable examples of the new fiction, would it be unfair to liken our minds to a wet rag?

Who Knows?

THAT Mr. Frohman is to introduce Marine Drama, producing leading plays on our principal ocean steamers, was to be expected in the natural course of events.

The law of the seaway is that the captain has absolute jurisdiction over his vessel and everyone in it. He can put anyone in irons, and discipline them in any way he chooses.

This gives a new power into the hands of our steamship captains. If some of the musical comedy companies that annually invade us could be kept on a diet of bread and water, after the captain has witnessed their first night's performance, it might be conducive to the best results. If he would go still further, and make them all walk the plank, a new future would begin to dawn, bright with roseate hopes.



The Consumer

IN order properly to consider the questions arising from modern production and distribution, we must go back to that memorable week that Mr. Genesis speaks of, that week when the whole trick was turned of light, water, air, earth, sea, sky, man, woman and the devil.

Right then was the great mistake made in not differentiating between the great economic classes. For instance, the consumer was not made to stand alone. In addition to being a consumer, he is also a producer. The seller has not a single function. He is a buyer as well. That's what mixes us up, and we are very easily mixed up anyway. If the seller did nothing but sell, he would know where he stood, but he has to buy before he can sell. Accordingly, he has to fight for high prices on some things at some times and for low prices on other things and at other times. So, it is hard for him to get hold of a political yardstick that is sufficiently elastic for universal use. Likewise, with the consumer. He wants low prices for what he uses and high prices for what he produces, whereby, unless he is very careful, he is apt to be led into embarrassing inconsistencies.

Now don't you see how simple it is or would be? The mistake was made so long ago that it is not worth while for anyone to try to write a really scientific political economy, or one that would be anything but dismal in its confusion. The preachers after all are about as scientific as the professors. Their doctrine of being contented as long as possible and kicking only when you have to will do very nicely. By nature, man is scientific. That is where monkeys have the advantage of us. The idea of organizing their methods of production and distribution so that a few can force all the rest to work for them never entered monkeys' heads. That is singly and solely because they are not scientific.

Therefore, monkeys are probably anarchistic or socialistic or paternalistic or what not, but whether this is because

they have no newspaper editors to confuse them, it is difficult to say at this distance.

Ellis O. Jones.

Won't Anybody Sue Him?

"Every statement in the — I stand for. The publishers of my book have affidavits to substantiate every charge made against the kings of finance."

OF course, Upton, a lawsuit would help the book, but we doubt that any of the kings is fool enough to sue you. There is not such a great deal in exposure, and you have worked the game pretty hard now for a number of years.

It is good for a haul now and then, but not for steady profits.

Why not take President Eliot's advice, and cultivate the disposition to see the superiorities, in people rather than their inferiorities? The styles have changed, Upton. Did you ever hear of the Rochester lady who complained that the garbage man had come to be that particular that he wouldn't take the garbage unless it was served with a meringue on top? The public is getting that way now. It is tired of garbage, and must have a meringue on it, if it is to take it at all.

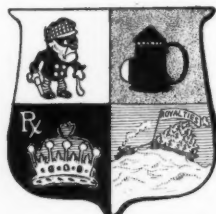
Practice up in meringues, Upton!



· LIFE ·

Who's What

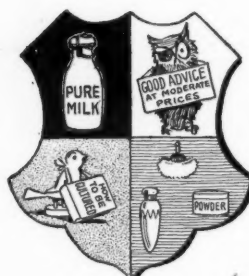
In and Out of America



Doyle, Conan.—A human mint, who discovered himself after long and earnest effort, with the aid of a detective, who had to come to life twice, however, before his master realized his real worth. This gentleman sowed a crop of characters in England and reaped the reward in America. The only stumbling block against his immortality is that he has been made a member of the British nobility. It is hoped, however, that he will live this down. His greatest merit is that he reduced logic to an inexact science. His greatest crime: That he has laid the basis of more horrible burlesques than any other writer. Favorite tool: Typewriter. Recreation: Depositing money. Cable address, "Hypodermic."



"COME, GIRLS, AND LISTEN TO THE LITTLE STREET SINGER"



Mabie, Hamilton W.—A culture expert, book chaperon and human literary bureau, with headquarters in the *Ladies' Home Journal* and branch offices in every earnest maidens' circle. This gentleman has spent his life in roaming over the fields of literature, and offers chaste thoughts to all who will pay the modest price asked. Purity guaranteed. Early in life he started out with the idea of laying up a stock of human intelligence, but moving to the same place that is infested by Anthony Comstock, he draped his nude ambition in correct garments and is now the Y. M. C. A. of all standard sets. His principal occupation is looking wise. Recreation: Philadelphia. Author of "Shakespeare from a Sunday Magazine Point of View," "Literary Lingerie," etc. Cable address, "Namby Pamby."

Not Extravagant

"The great cruise of her great fleet makes America a cosmic power."—*London Telegraph*.

AN unfeigned consolation is cheaply purchased at almost any price, and there's no citizen conscious of his blessings but will feel it worth his share of the taxes to be able to reflect, as often as his carburetor goes wrong, or his daughter marries the butler, or the



Edward, Albert.—A King in good standing, who draws a respectable income for doing nothing and looking pleasant. This gentleman was born on the outskirts of the British throne nearly three score years ago, and has been wearing good clothes ever since. He began collecting debts in his teens, and worked hard at this trade for many years. He has always been very democratic in his tastes, freely associating with his nephew William. For many years he has led an upright life, speaking his piece from the throne each year with ease, and he is not even responsible for Alfred Austin. The only real sin he has ever committed is the origin of the fashion of wearing frock coats in the suburbs. His favorite motto is "It's never too late to spend." Address care W. W. Astor.

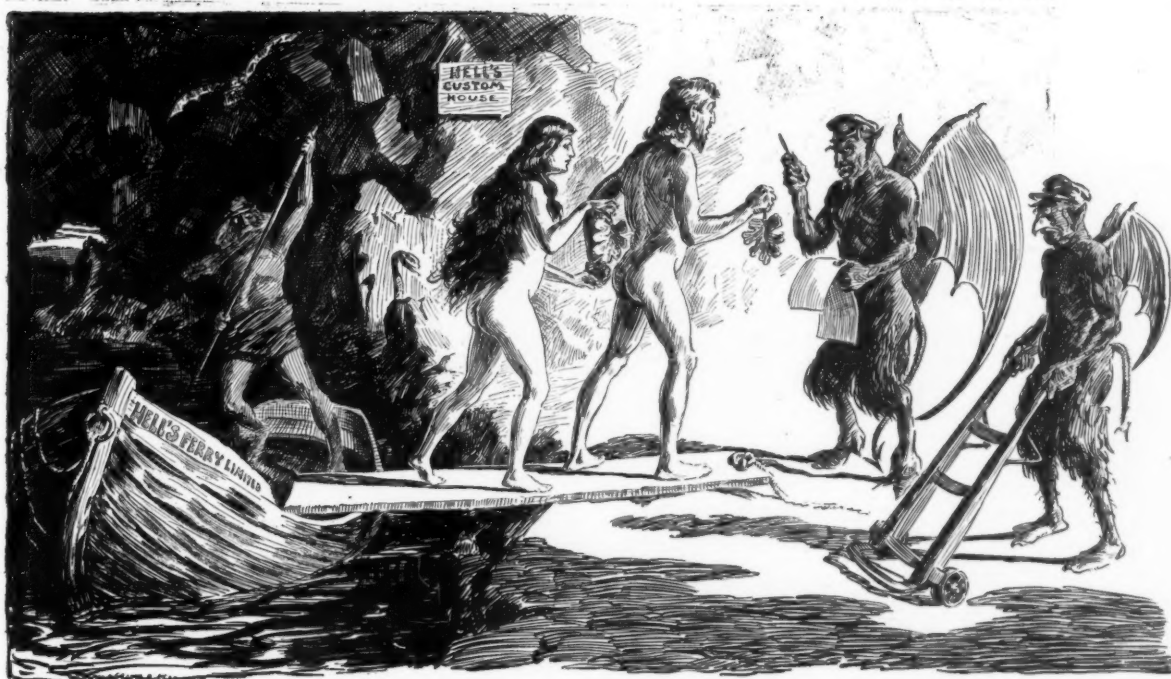
slings and arrows of a modernly outrageous fortune press otherwise hard, that we are nevertheless a cosmic power.

And more! We can jolly well afford to spend a lot of money demonstrating all these things which aren't so concerning the relations between the cognate branches of the Anglo-Saxon race.

R. B.

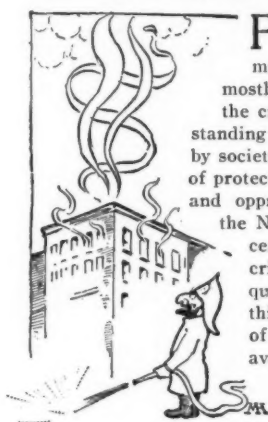
A convention of crooks is to be held in New York.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*.

OF course the reason for this selection is plain. They didn't want to attract general attention to themselves. They wanted to hide their identity.



THE FIRST DECLARATION
(THE ORIGIN OF THE CUSTOM HOUSE NUISANCE)

Give General Bingham What He Wants



POLICE COMMISSIONER BINGHAM having withdrawn his statement that the Jews in New York, mostly Russian newcomers, commit half the crimes done here, the only figures left standing on the subject are those furnished by societies and persons who make a specialty of protecting the Chosen People from calumny and oppression. According to these figures the New York Jews contribute not 50 per cent., but only 16.4 per cent. of the crimes done in New York. Since a quarter of our population is Jewish, this estimate represents that instead of being twice as criminal as the average New Yorkers they are really deficient by 83.5 per cent. in predatory activity.

The effect of this news on our Jewish fellow citizens affords considerable basis for thought, and even for anxiety. They are spirited and aspiring people, and when they learn from the statistics furnished by their blood-brethren that, far from showing special talent as firebugs, fraudulent bankrupts, burglars, forgers and pickpockets, they are not even getting their fair share of the emoluments of those professions, one is loath to conjecture what the effect will be.

What General Bingham set out to do in his *North American Review* article was not to calumniate the Jews, but to make it clear that New York was infested with foreign born criminals whom our native English-speaking "cops" cannot catch.

The worst of them—much worse, he said, than the Jews—are about 3,000 imported jail-bird Italians, who have half a million of their countrymen here to prey upon, and do prey upon them most attentively. To catch these scoundrels of whose bomb-throwing, blackmailing and kidnapping exploits we read every day, General Bingham wants a secret service. His reasons for wanting it sounds good. Why shouldn't he have it?

Wrapped Up. Good.

MISS MARY GARDEN, who purposes a new Salome dance, is described in the *World* as "seemingly wrapped up in her part."

Glad to hear it! Glad to be assured that any Salome dancer, present or future, is wrapped up in anything!

Pigs

THIS little pig (having passed the bacteriological inspection) went to market,

This little pig (in the absence of the proper certificate that the man who brought the animal invariably sprayed his beard) went home,

This little pig (especially requiring proteids) had roast beef,

This little pig (carbohydrates indicated) had none,

This little pig went: "Tee, hee hee!"

"To be modern is such fun!"

Wicked Willie Is Having Fun

WE congratulate Mr. William Hearst on the great record he is making as the Bad Boy in politics. He heaves bricks and mud with signal energy, and the bricks hit, and the mud sticks. Nobody is getting so much entertainment out of the campaign as he is.



GRAND REVIEW OF THE REPUBLICAN FORCES PR



REPUBLICAN FORCES PRIOR TO GOING INTO ACTION

Revised

The stars and stripes, by grafters ruled
No more the patriot's vision fooled.
He saw a billion people bled
"They should be prison stripes," he said.



American Dramatists to the Fore



GETTING too close to Nature can not be set down as a fault of "The Fighting Hope," written by Mr. William J. Hurlbut, and presented at the Stuyvesant by Mr. Belasco, with Blanche Bates as the star. All through the play, up to its final scenes, we feel that we are in contact with the theatrical instead of the real. It will not further the cause of the American drama to coddle our beginning playwrights, nor will it do Mr. Hurlbut any future good to assure him that because he evidently has a material success in "The Fighting Hope," he has learned to distinguish between the theatric and the dramatic. If, for instance, he will study his own play he should see that in the minor character of Craven, "confidential adviser to the millionaire hero," he has come nearer to humanity as it is than in either of his leading figures. It is not alone that Craven is admirably acted by Mr. Cope, but the author has given the actor a consistent something to comprehend and transmit to the audience. When the brusque Craven and the reserved Temple express their joy over sudden good news in a laughable bear-dance, the author has already provided a natural foundation for the action which makes it almost as effective as the little pats Craven gives Temple's shoulder to show his man's sympathy for the man friend in trouble. To the true dramatist real bits like these should be of more value as accomplishment than any amount of ingenious construction which is not credible and which antagonizes the spectator's sense of his own intelligence.

The author's first premise, that an unknown woman could immediately slip by a man of affairs such as Temple is pictured, and a watch-dog like Craven, to a position where she is in direct touch with her employer's most important and secret interests, provokes our skepticism in the very beginning of the play. It makes us keen to several minor improbabilities that follow and emphasizes the inconsistencies in the drawing of the leading characters. Temple, for instance, hounded by the yellow press as a predatory malefactor, would hardly entrust the combination of his safe and the custody of the letter which was to save him from prison to an understudy typewritist, when all he had to do was to walk across the room and put it in the safe himself.

It is evidence of Blanche Bates's ability that she was able to give credence to the conflicting emotions with which she was supplied. In the early scenes she seemed herself affected by the questionableness of the depiction allotted to her, but as the story progressed, her own command seemed to increase

Uplifters of the Drama



THE LADY FROM VAUDEVILLE

The sketch team artiste from the two-day shows
Has them stopped seven ways with her elegant clothes.
She can crowd on more lugs all at once, so they say,
Than a double sextet and a pony ballet.

with the accumulating stress of the action, until, in the final act, she carried the audience with her in the revulsion which made this very womanly woman shower blows on the man who had been her husband and the father of her children. Mr. Charles Richman made his millionaire an attractive and idealized type. Although we have ceased to insist that millionaires in business should be elderly illiterates, with chin-whiskers, corporosities and bad manners, we have not yet got the money-smell entirely out of their clothes, and to that extent Mr. Richman was false to his original, making him just a trifle too poetic and refined.

As was to be expected, under Mr. Belasco's direction, the play was well staged, and, as noted, well cast. This put the responsibility on the play itself, which despite its crudities is quite worth seeing.

* * *

The theatrical public's stomach is so disordered that it must have its stage food highly seasoned. No better evi-

dence is needed than the speedy withdrawal of "Father and Son," Mr. Edgar Selwyn's play, in which Mr. William Norris, a very good actor, indeed, made his beginning as a star. The play was not remarkable, being only a consistent and entertaining story, not especially novel, but well told. Its leading character was a lovable old person, surrounded by familiar types of village life. Some of them were of a too familiar low-comedy stamp, but, in the main, they were well drawn and excellently portrayed by a well-selected and well-trained cast.

A decade ago, "Father and Son," as a play, and Mr. Norris's pleasant picturing of *Doc Filkins*, would have been accepted as a valuable addition to our national repertory. But in these days of Devils, Salomes and problem pieces, such diet is too tame for our educated palates.

How did it get by? "It" in this case means Mr. Percy Mackaye's "Mater." The censors of the American stage, whose function it is to stand at the box office and see that nothing intellectual, nothing poetical, nothing with even a touch of the scholarly, shall sully the commercial supremacy of our theatres must have been asleep when "Mater" came to town. The author evidently sought to disarm suspicion when he called his effort "An American Study in Comedy," instead of a play. At all events, it is here, and it is quite worth discussion.

Play or study, it matters not what the author may call it, "Mater" demonstrates that we have one stage-writer who can construct most delightful comedy scenes. It is to be hoped, and seems likely, that with increased experience Mr. Mackaye will harness this gift to other practical stage requirements, and that he may some day be the author of the long-expected "great" American play. All Mr. Mackaye's efforts have been worthy ones. He has aimed very high, too high, perhaps, for his immature powers, but that is certainly a better fault than its opposite. Compromise may be a fatal thing for the highest manifestation of genius, but to make live truths poetical instead of writing dead poetry is not of necessity a compromise. "Mater" is, in fact, a better poem than "Sappho," because through its poetical inspiration it may make one vital truth strike home. Its poetry and its comedy may help, even if only a little, toward bettering our sad politics, and that is a worthier function for a playwright than persevering in the perpetuation of dead forms. But here we are falling into Mr. Mackaye's own



PERTINENT TO THE MATING SEASON

"NO GREATER ROGUE THAN HE WHO MARRIES ONLY FOR MONEY."

"NO GREATER FOOL THAN HE WHO MARRIES ONLY FOR LOVE."

mood, rather than trying to tell what "Mater" is like.

"Mater" is more a fantasy than a play. The character that gives the piece its title is more a sprite than the human mother of two gloomy children. They are the idealists and the embodiment of the virtues, but, alas, they are not anywhere like as attractive as their ever young and ever gay mother, who pictures the common-sense that goes laughing through the world and by laughter achieves the very purpose that virtuous gloom can not compass. The moral seems to be that you can cajole goodness when you can not compel it—a truth as old as the skies, but one that is never learned by the enactors and enforcers of blue laws.

In this sort of humorous allegory *Cullen*, the practical politician, may be taken to symbolize all that is bad in our system of popular government, *Michael* all that is ideally good—if any one knows what that is—and *Mater* the tolerant public opinion which wants the best, but is willing to recognize and smile at the claims of the practical and possible. Fortunately for its popularity, Mr. Mackaye has made the humorous predominate in "Mater." The final victory of *Cullen's* methods, and the assent of *Michael* do not destroy, in fact, rather emphasize, the value of *Michael's* principles.

Mr. Mackaye is fortunate in having found a manager with understanding in the person of Mr. Henry Miller. He is equally fortunate in having found an actress who could interpret in exactly

the right spirit the difficult character of *Mater*. Miss Isabel Irving gives it exactly the right mixture of tenderness, gayety and frivolity. It is not often the New York stage sees such delightfully acted pure comedy as the scenes between Miss Irving and her able foil, Mr. Charles A. Stevenson. We are not training such artists nowadays, and lovers of good acting should not fail to see their work. The other parts were done acceptably.

Mr. Mackaye is an author to be reckoned with, and his "Mater" is a most interesting step in his development.

The revival of popular interest in Viennese waltz music is a welcome relief from the insistence on rag-time. There is lots of the former in "Mlle. Mischief," in which Miss Lulu Glaser is displaying her abilities and her person in boy's clothes. The operetta is a good vehicle for both, but, unfortunately, the dialogue is stupid and, in spite of music, elaborate costumes and setting, and a cast of more than average merit, the piece drags. Miss Glaser is in excellent form, vocally and physically, and seems to have conquered her crudities of speech. Miss Darrell, an unknown young woman, in a minor part, and a chorus of eight especially pretty girls, made the musical hits of the performance with unusually attractive numbers.

"Mlle. Mischief" should please those who are not tired of musical comedy.

Metcalf.

A Tale Retold

THE hare he loitered by the way—
The tortoise reached the spot.
(First read to me when *aetat* three
The tale it liked me not.)
Deponent sayeth not what bliss
The goal awarded there;
One may despise his enterprise,
And yet I like that hare.

The tortoise took the level road
Without an observation—
A creature mere of one idea,
Void of imagination.
The hare frisked sideways through
the fields,
Allured of many causes,
And made, no doubt, where turnips
sprout
Appreciative pauses.

The tortoise turned nor right nor
left—
Intent upon the goal he.
A song-bird blue the hare heard
through—
A most artistic soul he.
The tortoise labored through the
dust—
Intent on destination.
The hare the while skipped back a
mile
In some long-eared flirtation.

Ah, well, the tortoise reached the
goal
With ne'er an interference.
In primers brown he wears the
crown
Of lofty perseverance.
The hare is pointed to with scorn
And counseled to repent.
'Twas not his gait that made him
late—
'Twas just his temperament.

Ah, many a tortoise do I know,
Renowned for rarely resting,
Homely and good as wholesome
food
And just as interesting.
And many a frisky hare I know,
The hoarded hours a-giving,
To sing and praise and laugh and
laze
And take his joy in living.

L'Envoi

Yet let the ancient moral rise—
My story it hath none—
Of course the tortoise won the
prize—
Who was it had the fun?
Theodosia Garrison.



QUIET, BUT STEADY



RUBBERS UP



A STRONG MARKET

"Absolute Honesty"

Absolute honesty on the part of members of American stock exchanges is of paramount importance to the public.—
Charles A. Conant, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.



"ABSOLUTE honesty" is still seeking even a temporary employment in a good many other places besides the stock exchange, and up to date has very little prospect of "Advancement for the future."

But is there any place on the face of the earth, recognized as at all legitimate, where "absolute honesty" has a poorer chance than on the stock exchange?

How can members of the stock exchange attain to any measure of "absolute honesty" when they themselves are constantly buying and selling for their own account?

It is not upon record that Diogenes ever visited the stock exchange. Even he had some notion of the value of his own time.

What We Are Coming To

WILL seaweed be our regular diet in the future? Mr. John L. Cowan declares:

In the great Sargasso Sea alone, in the North Atlantic Ocean, sufficient nutritious vegetation flourishes to support the entire population of Europe.

Hitherto, we have been restricted in our salad making to the ordinary things gathered upon the earth. It is true that we have done fairly well. But a new vista is opened up when we can draw upon the Sargasso Sea as a basis of supplies. For one thing, seaweed is always in season. There would be no growing it under glass. All that any respectable restaurant would need would be a deep sea gardener and a submarine express wagon.

Necessary

CASTLETON: You think, then, Doctor, this is a good remedy for sea-sickness?

DOCTOR POSER: Infallible! When do you sail?

"I'm not sailing. I'm only going to take a trip over the Long Island Railroad."

IN view of recent events, Mr. Roosevelt seems to be conducting the anti-Haskell campaign, assisted by Mr. Bryan.

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"GEE! AIN'T THAT TOUGH? HERE COMES A COP, AN' TO-MORRER'S MAG'S BIRT'DAY!"



TOWN AND COUNTRY

Oh, the patter of the rain
On the roof and window pane
(You have never read a poem just like this'n)
Is so sweet a slumber song
That to miss it would be wrong,
So you have to lie awake all night and listen.

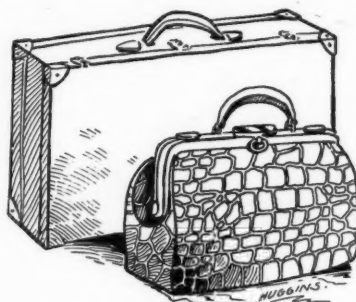
Which reminds me that in town
All the noisy noises drown
Every sound so fully that it doesn't matter,
While the country is so still
Sounds all sound so clear and shrill
That it's hard for one to sleep amid the clatter.
By Nixon Waterman, in Smart Set.

A LOST ART

Mrs. CROSS PATCHE (*angrily*): Why don't you go to work like an honest man?
HITTE DE PIKE (*sighing*): Alas! mum, dat's a lost art.—*Bohemian.*

NOT TROUBLED WITH INTELLECT

A physiologist came upon a hard-working Irishman toiling, bareheaded, in the street.
"Don't you know," said the physiologist, "that to work in the hot sun without a hat is bad for your brain?"
"D'ye think," asked the Irishman, "that Oi'd be on this job if Oi had enny brains?"—*Success.*



BEFORE THE TRANSMIGRATION

THE SUIT CASE: DID YOU EVER TRAVEL THROUGH THE SOUTH?

THE ALLIGATOR BAG: OH, YES. THAT WAS MY HOME DURING MY AQUATIC LIFE.

"HUBBY," said the observant wife, "the janitor of these flats is a bachelor."

"What of it?"

"I really think he is becoming interested in our oldest daughter."

"There you go again with your pipe dreams! Last week it was a duke."—*Everybody's.*

NO CHANCE TO TALK

"John, you yawned twice while we were calling on that lady."

"Well, dear, you did not expect me to keep my mouth closed all the time, did you?"—*Judge.*

THE POWER OF NIAGARA

MR. HOWARD: Isn't it wonderful what force Niagara has?

MRS. TALKMUCH: Marvellous! Do you know when I first saw it for a full moment I couldn't speak.—*Brooklyn Life.*

OUT OF THE FULLNESS OF THE HEART

"What shall I play?" asked the organist of an absent-minded clergyman.

"What sort of a hand have you got?" was the unexpected reply.—*Wasp.*

ACCORDING to all accounts, the arrival of the Cameron Highlanders in Pekin to replace the Middlesex regiment as legation guards created something of a sensation among the inhabitants. The kilt is a source of great wonderment. The *China Times* asserts that the natives are hard at work trying to assimilate the Scotch language. They are reported as already making favorable progress. Instead of their favorite expression, "Me no savvy," they now employ, "I dinna ken," and they greet the foreigner with "Guid marnin'!" with an excellent Auchtermuchty accent. It is added that some Chinese comrades, who are men of inquisitive turn of mind, want to know "What for new soldier man catches clothes allee same missis?" which recalls the story of the Russian Crimean veteran who declared that the best fighters in the British army were the women!—*Argonaut.*

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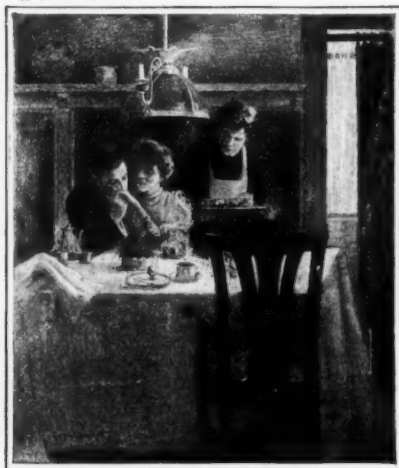
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WHEN you stand at the grave and see the form of one you loved lowered into the ground, your whole being revolts.

Deep enough is your grief at this parting never to be bridged. To this then comes the thought of the horrible violation from which your mind recoils. Yet you know what it will be and you are powerless.

It is a sacrilege—one that nations have striven for years to prevent—but it is no longer necessary, for it is now within your power to have the body lie inviolate.



Great Pyramid at Ghizeh

In former times it was only within a nation's power to fittingly preserve the body of a beloved ruler. Only a great Egyptian king could have a pyramid to guard his tomb. Private families could pay but small respect.

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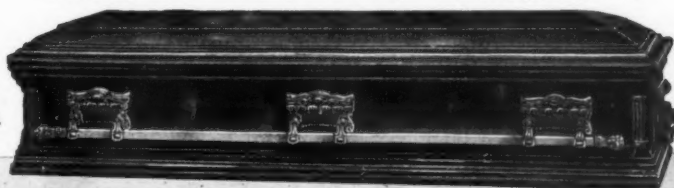
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U. S. Letters
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Sept. 13, 1898.





SIDE-TRACKED

The drayman drove up to the cold storage house at Lincoln with an enormous dry goods box, heavily nailed, and fortified with iron straps around both ends.

"Mr. B— said to tell you that these goods were to be kept with great care, under lock and key, until after the election," said the driver to the man in charge.

"Have you an itemized statement of the contents?"

"He said it would not be necessary," answered the driver.

"Go back and tell him that I cannot receive the goods without," was the rejoinder.

And this was what the driver is said to have brought back:

Three hundred and ninety-two speeches, delivered in 1896, maintaining that the only hope of prosperity lay in the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1. Eight hundred and seventeen speeches, letters and editorials of various later dates reiterating the beliefs of 1896. One statement, under date of 1900, asserting intention not to ask for another nomination for the Presidency. One assertion that I could not accept the support of the Illinois Democracy on any other condition than the utter repudiation thereby of one Roger Sullivan. One speech delivered in New York City concerning the government ownership of railroads. Goods to be kept strictly under lock and key until called for.—J. W. B.—*Harper's Weekly*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

BILL NYE AND THE ENGLISHMAN

In one of his burlesque sketches on English history, Bill Nye spoke of Julius Caesar's jumping into the water as he approached the English coast, wading ashore, running up to London, and walking through Regent street.

"An acquaintance of mine reported to me," said Mr. Nye, "that he had asked an Englishman how he liked the story. 'Not at all, not at all,' was the reply. 'That fellow Nye doesn't know what he's about. There wasn't any Regent street then, you know.'"—*Lippincott's*.

An English drill sergeant, whose severity had made him unpopular with his company, was putting a squad of recruits through the funeral exercise. Opening the ranks, so as to admit the passage of a cortege between them, the instructor, by way of practical explanation, walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying as he did so: "Now I am the corpse. Pay attention!" Having reached the end of the lane, he turned round, regarded the recruits with a scrutinizing eye, and then remarked: "Your 'ands is right and your 'eads is right, but you 'aven't got that look of regret you ought to 'ave!"—*Argonaut*.

A SAILOR'S CHRISTENING

"The late Bishop Potter once in his early days had occasion to officiate at a christening in a small fishing village on the Massachusetts coast," says a writer in the current issue of *Harper's Weekly*. "The proud father, a young fisherman, awkwardly holding his first-born daughter, was visibly embarrassed under the scrutiny of the many eyes in the congregation, and his nervousness was not decreased by the sudden wailing of the infant as they stood at the font.

"When the time for the baptism of the babe arrived the bishop noticed that the father was holding the child so that its fat little legs pointed toward the font.

"'Turn her this way,' he whispered, but the father was too disconcerted to hear or understand.

"'Turn her feet around,' the bishop whispered again; but still there was no response. The situation was fast becoming critical, when an ancient mariner in the back of the church came to the rescue. Putting his weather-beaten hand to his mouth he roared across the room, 'Head her up to the wind, Jack!'"

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"It's purity has made it famous."

Hawes, von Gal HATS



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A RONDEAU

She uses slang at times, I grieve to say.
I note the tendency with great dismay.
For slang—in women—is a thing I hate.
She thinks, of course, that it is up to date.
The proper language of The Girl To-day.

But it's bad taste, which girls should not display,
When I say that, she says, "Don't get too gay."
"Impertinent" seems quite inadequate;
She uses slang.

"Nix" is equivalent to "no" or "nay,"
And things provincial she declares are "jay";
Then a small-minded person is a "skate"! I
She "hurries"? No, she "hits a lively gait"
Or "beats it." Why, it's simply fierce the way
She uses slang. —Chicago News.

THE DANGER

The busy man stopped before an office building and
leaped from his carriage. At the same moment an
ambitious urchin ran forward and piped:
"Hey, mister, kin I hold yer horse?"
"No, you can't!" snapped the busy man.
"Won't charge y' much," insisted the urchin.
"I don't care about the charge," impatiently re-
sponded the man, throwing a blanket over his bony
steed. "My horse will not run away."
"Gee, mister, I didn't think he'd run away!"
"No?"
"No. I thought he might fall down."—Democratic
Telegram.

WHERE ARTISTS FAIL

"How often you see artists of real merit struggling
for a livelihood!"
"It's mostly their own fault," answered Mr. Cum-
rox. "I'd be willing to give some of 'em a chance,
but the trouble with a real artist is that he insists on
painting pictures that don't advertise anybody except
himself."—Washington Star.

THE Rev. Thomas Alexander, a Presbyterian min-
ister, long resident in Chelsea, and well known as a
brother Scot, was most anxious to know Carlyle, but
had no opportunity of getting an introduction to him.
One day, in the King's Road, he saw Carlyle coming
in his direction, and took advantage of the opportunity
by going up to the sage and saying: "Thomas Carlyle,
I believe?" Carlyle's reply was: "Tom Alexander,
I know!" They became good friends, and later Mr.
Alexander wrote to Carlyle for a subscription toward
a school building fund, and Carlyle wrote back a re-
fusal in doggerel, whereupon Mr. Alexander replied
that if he did not send him five pounds, he would sell
his poetry to a collector or publish it. The five
pounds were at once forthcoming.—Argonaut.

MUCH TOO GOOD

MOTHER: Johnnie, why are you beating little sis-
ter? Surely she has not been unkind to you?
JOHNNIE: No, mamma; but she is so fearfully good,
I simply can't stand her.—Fun.

THE REAL TROUBLE

William Clyde Fitch, who doesn't use his first name,
has about as little of the traditional sensitiveness to
failures as it is possible for a generally successful
dramatist to get along with. He talks "The Straight
Road" with all the enthusiasm that he brings to a
reminiscence of "Beau Brummell," and he has no ob-
jection to telling you of mirth that has been made at
his own expense.

"I always had faith in my historical play, 'Nathan
Hale,' which, you may remember, we put on during
the Spanish War," he said recently. "I believe in
that play, but nobody else seems altogether to agree
with me.

"I recall with not a little pain how I sat in the
almost empty theatre during one of its productions.
"Beside me at the time was one of the best known,
ablest and also frankest, dramatic critics in New York,
and to him I was trying to ease my mind.

"I think," I said, "that we have put this play on
at the wrong time. Nobody wants to go to the theatre
in war-time."

"My friend looked at me and shook his head,
sagely.

"No, Fitch," he answered, "the trouble is not the
war, but the piece."—Saturday Evening Post.



MELBA

Which
is
which?



Victor V
\$60

You think you can tell the difference between
hearing grand-opera artists sing and hearing their
beautiful voices on the Victor. But can you?

In the opera-house corridor scene in "The Pit" at Ye Liberty
Theatre, Oakland, Cal., the famous quartet from Rigoletto was sung by
Caruso, Abbot, Homer and Scotti on the Victor, and the delighted
audience thought they were listening to the singers themselves.

Every day at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, the grand-opera
stars sing, accompanied by the hotel orchestra of sixteen pieces. The
diners listen with rapt attention, craning their necks to get a glimpse of
the singer. But it is a Victor.

In the rotunda of Wanamaker's famous Philadelphia store, the great
pipe organ accompanied Melba on the Victor, and the people rushed
from all directions to see the singer.

Even in the Victor laboratory, employes often imagine they are
listening to a singer making a record while they really hear the Victor.

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A complete list of new Victor Records for October will be found in the October number
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A HUMORIST AT SEA

It was noon of a Saturday when Christopher Columbus's return ticket was put at my disposal, and the next Wednesday at about a half minute before two, just as the rear brakeman on the Lusitania was giving the engineer the high sign, I was escorted up the gang plank by a red-faced but obliging porter, and followed by the consoling sarcasm of a baggage master who opined in no uncertain terms that a man who didn't have sense enough to check his trunk to his cabin on the boat didn't deserve the trunk. But the trunk was on board all right.

The Lusitania is sort of a combination of the Waldorf-Astoria, Marshall Field's store, the Capitol at Washington, and the House of Commons. It comes about as far from realizing a greenhorn's preconceived ideas of sea travel as a six-cylinder automobile resembles a livery horse. So far—this is the second day out—there has been about as much swaying of the boat as there is in a sleeping car standing still. The ship is so long that a wave breaking over the bow gets discouraged and loses its ambition after the first 200 feet and then drops back into the ocean and weeps silently while a few hundred feet more of ship glides egotistically by.

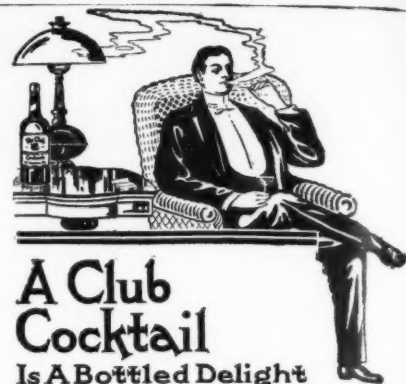
Unless the ocean gets a move on it before long I am going to lose another cherished ideal. They tell me that after we get a little farther along I'll lose ideals and other contents as well, but that remains to be seen. When a child I was taught to believe that the ocean was composed of large troughs of water, among which the good ship wallowed fiercely as it beat its way across the briny deep. Lake Michigan can get up as good a demonstration of waves as the Atlantic has given us so far. Here I have been reading books about ships that slide down the face of a billow like somebody taking the chutes at a summer park, and up to the present writing there aren't any billows at all.

The ocean is simply a large body of water. When the people on the ship get through with anything they throw it into the ocean. Early this morning I saw the deck hands chucking buckets of sweepings and novels and cigar stubs and sandwiches over into the bosom of the mighty deep. I used to think of the ocean as a restless giant bearing in its arms the armadas of the nations, but shucks! no matter how magnificent a giant is he would resent being bombarded with cigar stubs and garbage. It takes all the poetry out of the situation.

There is a wireless station away up on the roof, but Mr. Marconi, or whoever is on watch, refuses to allow you to come in and be neighborly with him. However, you can stand outside and listen, and when it sounds like the celebration of a Chinese birthday you know that somebody is sending a message out of the everywhere into the here. The expense of a wireless is said to be about the same as eating lunch at the St. Regis.

For convenience sake I am carrying one of those aluminum typewriters along. It weighs about sixteen pounds, in its case. Robert H. Davis, the editor of

(Continued on page 397.)



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Cocktail**
Is A Bottled Delight

After a hot day's work a CLUB COCKTAIL is the most enjoyable of recuperators. Not only an ideal cocktail, but a delightfully refreshing, gently stimulating drink—no fuss or trouble to prepare—always ready for use.

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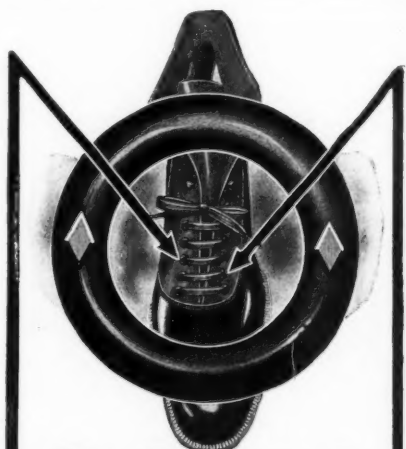
Martini (gin base), Manhattan (whiskey
base), are universal favorites

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in a shoe is the EYELET with the little diamond shaped trade mark slightly raised on the top. Look for it when buying shoes. From first to last

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retain their original color and brightness. They simply Can't Wear "Brassy," the tops are of solid color. Their presence on a shoe is a guarantee of shoe quality—an insurance against a worn out appearance given to a shoe by brassy eyelets. Look for the little diamond; a touch of your finger will find it. Only genuine Fast Color Eyelets have them.

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IMPORTANT TO SEE THAT IT IS ABBOTT'S BITTERS

A new and better way. Remove core, loosen fruit from the peel, add a teaspoonful of ABBOTT'S BITTERS to half a grape fruit and sugar to suit taste. Gives exquisite flavor and adds greatly to the appetizing and tonic effect of the fruit. Every lover of good things will enjoy grape fruit served in this manner.



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THE GLORIOUS ORIENT

Leisurely travel, personal escort. Small party, exclu-
sive arrangements. Write for booklet.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.
225 Fifth Ave., New York

(Continued from page 396.)

the majority of Munsey's magazines, got the type-
writer man to let me take it from New York. Mr.
Davis has a convincing way about him, and when the
typewriter man wanted to take it up with the board of
directors and give a decision sometime Thursday Mr.
Davis talked in low, tense tones through the 'phone
about the futility of asking a man from Chicago to
wait until Thursday, also argued the improbability
of being able to hold the Lusitania that long. He
called the ship the Lose-it-anyway.

The machine is all that was said about it, but it is
diffident with me thus far. Maybe it hasn't got its sea
legs, and maybe it is of a morose disposition, but it
holds me aloof. It took me two hours yesterday to
get enough acquaintance with it to be able to write
that touching line about "now is the time for all good
men to come to the aid of the party." To-day, how-
ever, it is waxing a bit more genial, and no doubt we
shall get along famously. The man forgot to send
along a book of instructions, and I have wound up
one spring and can't get it unwound, and a while ago
I pressed a lever and the thing chattered violently
and dropped several stitches. But I keep on winding
and pressing levers and by to-morrow this machine
ought to be hemming and tucking as well as sharpen-
ing pencils for me. The cabin steward says he had
a gentleman on the last trip who had just such a
machine and who could play very well on it. The
steward added that the gentleman looked like a
rather clever gentleman, however.

I just now trifled with the interlocking cam and
the sparking plug has jammed the connecting rod. We
have sent for the purser who knows everything.

Later—The purser found that the H key had
dropped automatically, out of courtesy to the English
boat.—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in Chicago Evening Post.

FASHIONS CHANGE

Mrs. Mary G. Baker Eddy, who, of course, has no
faith in medicine, told a Western Christian Scientist,
at one of her latest audiences, an anecdote about a
friend of hers.

This friend, a thin and nervous woman, could not
sleep. She visited her physician, and the man said:

"Do you eat anything just before going to bed?"

"Oh, no, doctor," the patient replied.

"Well," said the physician, "just keep a pitcher
of milk and some biscuit beside you, and every night,
the last thing you do, make a light meal."

"But, doctor," cried the lady, "you told me on no
account to eat anything before retiring."

"Pooh, pooh," said the doctor, "that was three
months ago. Science has made enormous strides since
then."—Washington Star.

"MIRANDA, I want to ask you to marry me and to
tell me—"

"Oh, George, this is so sudden!"

"To tell me what date you and your mother have
decided on for our wedding."—Brooklyn Life.

THE WILLIAMS PRINTING COMPANY

A
FITTING
FINALE
TO A
GOOD
DINNER



A
FITTING
FINALE
TO A
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DINNER

LIQUEUR

Peres Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial now made at Tarragona,
Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Car-
thusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monas-
tery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known
throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above
cut represents the bottle and label employed in the
putting up of the article since the Monks' expul-
sion from France, and it is now known as
Liqueur Pères Chartreux (the Monks, however,
still retain the right to use the old bottle and label
as well) distilled by the same order of Monks,
who have securely guarded the secret of its manu-
facture for hundreds of years, taking it with them
at the time they left the Monastery of La Grande
Chartreuse, and who, therefore, alone possess a
knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar.
No Liqueur associated with the name of the Car-
thusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) and made since
their expulsion from France is genuine except
that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

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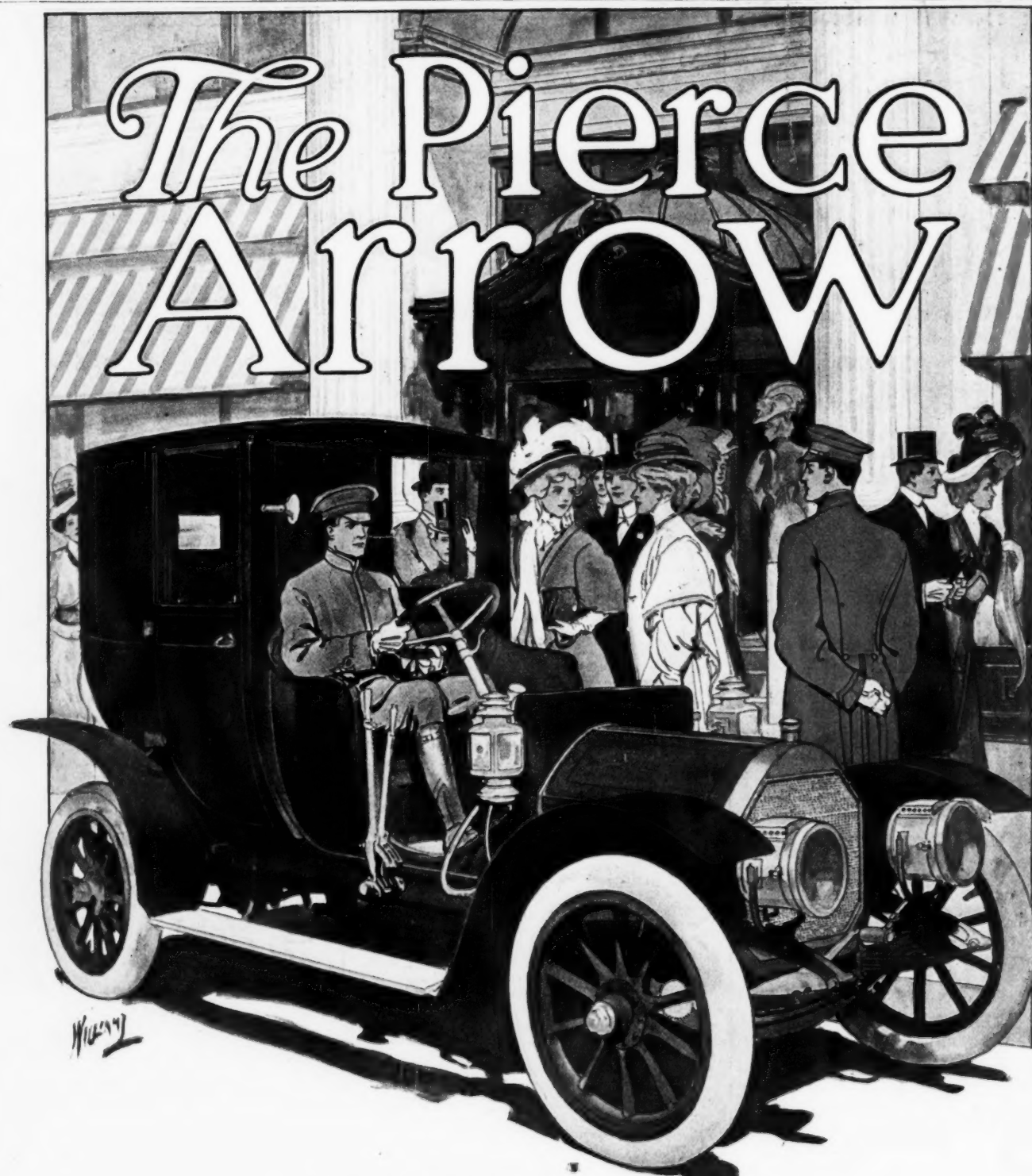
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Registered at Pat. Office LONDON-WASHINGTON-OTTAWA

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

XIII

Then up spake the same W. J. Bryan,
"I'm with you again, I'm a slyun;
I've money to burn
Besides I've got Kern,
"RAD-BRIDGE" is the next stunt I'll try on."



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Brougham	3900	4550			
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